

What should I doe, to make him know I love him,
For I would faine enjoy him? Say I ventur'd
To set him free? what saies the law then? Thus much
For Law, or kindred: I will doe it,
And this night, or to morrow he shall love me.

Exit.

Scena 4. Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous,

Emilia: Arcite with a Garland, &c.

This short flo-
rish of Cor-
nets and
Showtes with
in.

Theseus: You have done worthily; I have not seene
Since Hercules, a man of tougher synewes;
What ere you are, you run the best, and wastle,
That these times can allow.

Arcite. I am proud to please you.

Theseus. What Countrey bred you?

Arcite. This; but far off, Prince.

Theseus. Are you a Gentleman?

Arcite. My father said so;
And to those gentle uses gave me life.

Theseus. Are you his heire?

Arcite. His yongest Sir.

Theseus. Your Father

Sure is a happy Sire then: what prooves you?

Arcite. A little of all noble Qualities:

I could have kept a Hawke, and well have holloa'd
To a deepe crie of Dogges; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship: yet they that knew me
Would say it was my best peece: last, and greatest,
I would be thought a Souldier.

Theseus. You are perfect.

Pirithous. Vpon my soule, a proper man.

Emilia. He is so.

Perithous. How doe you like him Ladie?

Hippolyta. I admire him,

I have not seene so yong a man, so noble
(If he say true,) of his sort.

Emilia. Beleeve,

His mother was a wondrous handsome woman.
His face me thinkes, goes that way.

Hippolyta. But his Body

And

And fire minde, illustrate a brave Father.

Perithous. Marke how his vertue, like a hidden Sun
Breakes through his baser garments.

Hippolyta. Hee's well got sure.

Theseus. What made you seeke this place Sir?

Arcite. Noble Theseus.

To purchase name, and doe my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder, as thy worth,
Fo onely in thy Court, of all the world
dwells faire-eyd honor.

Perithous. All his words are worthy:

Theseus. Sir, we are much endebted to your travell;
Nor shall you loose your wish: Perithous
Dispose of this faire Gentleman.

Perithous. Thankes Theseus.

What ere you are y'ar mine, and I shall give you
To a most noble service, to this Lady,
This bright yong Virgin; pray observe her goodnesse;
You have honourd hir faire birth-day, with your vertues,
And as your due y'ar hirs: kisse her faire hand Sir.

Arcite. Sir, y'ar a noble Giver: dearest Bewtie,
Thus let me scale my vowd faith: when your Servant
(Your most unworthie Creature) but offends you,
Command him die, he shall.

Emilia. That were too cruell.

If you deserve well Sir; I shall soone see't: (you.)
Y'ar mine, and somewhat better than your rancke Ile use

Perithous. Ile see you furnish'd, and because you say
You are a horseman, I must needs iatreat you
This after noone to ride, but tis a rough one.

Arcite. I like him better (Prince) I shall not then
Freeze in my Saddle.

Theseus. Sweet, you must be readie,
And you Emilia, and you (Friend) and all
To morrow by the Sun, to doe observance
To flowry May, in Dians wood: waite well Sir
Vpon your Mistris: Emely, I hope
He shall not goe a foote.

F

Emil.